

Raffan's Journal.

BY S. B. ROW.

CLEARFIELD, WEDNESDAY, MARCH 26, 1856.

VOL. 2.—NO. 33.

LIGHT.

The following exquisite poem, by William Pitt Fanning, was some years ago pronounced by one of the most eminent European critics to be the finest production, of the same length, in our language.

From the quickened womb of the primal gloom,
The sun redded black and bare;
Till I wore him a rest for his Bishop's gloom,
Of the threads of my golden hair;
And when the broad tent of the firmament
Arose in its dizzy spire,
I penciled the hue of its matchless blue,
And spangled it round with stars.

I painted the flowers of the Eden bowers,
And their leaves of living green;
And mine were the dyes in the sinless eyes
Of Eden's virgin queen;
And when the fount of art on her trustful heart,
Had fanned its mortal spell,
In the silvery sphere of the first-born tear,
To the trembling earth I fell.

When the waves that burst o'er the world accused,
Their work of wrath had sped;
And the Ark's lone few, the tried and true,
Came forth among the dead;
With the wondrous gleams of my bridal beams,
I bade their terrors cease.
As I wrote on the roll of the storm's dark scroll,
God's covenant of peace.

Like a pall at rest on a senseless breast,
Night's funeral shadow slept;
Where shepherd strains on the Bethlehem plains
Their lonely vigils kept—
When I flashed on their sight the heralds bright
Of Heaven's redeeming plan,
As they chanted the morn'g of a Savior born:
Joy, joy to the outcast man!

Equal favor I show to the lofty and low,
On the just and unjust I descend;
Even the blind, whose vain spheres roll in dark-
ness and tears.
See my smile, the best smile of a friend;
Nay, the flower of the waste by my love is embraced,
As the rose in the garden of Kings;
At the chrysalis tier of the worm I appear,
And, lo, the gay butterfly wings.

The desolate Morn', like a mourner forlorn,
Conceals all the pride of her charms,
Till I bid the bright hours chase Night from her
flowers.
And lead the young Day to her arms;
And when the gay rover seeks Eve for his lover,
And sinks to her balmy repose,
I wrap the soft rest by the zephyr fanned west,
In curtains of amber and rose.

From my sentinel steep, by the night-brooded deep,
I gaze with unslumbering eye,
When the cyprus star of the mariner
Is blotted from the sky;
And guided by me through the meretricious sea,
Though sped by the hurricane's wings,
His compass, dark, lone, wailing bark
To the haven home safely brings.

I waken the flowers in their dew-sprangled bowers,
The birds in their chambers of green,
And ascertain and plain grow with beauty again,
As they bask in their maternal sheen.
O, if such the glad worth of my presence to earth,
Though full and fleeting the while,
What glories must rest on the home of the blest,
Ever bright with the deity's smile!

From the Indians (Pa.) Register.
LEWIS, THE ROBBER.
A REMINISCENCE.

Lewis was the master-spirit of a gang of highway men, who lived by robbing travellers and committing depredations upon residents, chiefly between Chambersburgh and Bedford, where they harbored in the forests of the mountains. They were a terror to the community, and western merchants who travelled on horseback generally armed themselves when going to the east, so as to be prepared to repel an attack, and for greater security sometimes went in companies. It was understood, or at least believed, that some of Lewis' band were stationed in Pittsburgh, where, by mixing in genteel society, and being unsuspected, they would inform themselves of the time when merchants of that city and from parts farther west intended making their semi-annual trips to Philadelphia, and would then find means to convey the intelligence to their accomplices along the road.

Lewis was a young man of handsome appearance and agreeable address, and it was said he supported his mother and sisters upon the fruits of his unlawful pursuit. His more immediate associates were Conner and Connelly, who, at the time of which we are speaking, kept among the gorges of Sideling Hill, where, at a distance of several miles, from the public road, they had erected a shanty, which was well supplied with provisions and other comforts, whither Lewis, after remaining about Bedford and Bloody Run as long as he could do so without exciting suspicion, or until he had received letters which he expected, would resort and remain for days and weeks, concerting measures for robbing some unsuspecting traveller or for obtaining booty in some other way.

Persons who have travelled the turnpike between McConnellsburgh and the Crossings of the Juniata will remember Reamer's tavern on the eastern slope of the mountain and Nycum's on the western, the intervening distance being about eight miles, which formerly presented little else to the eye than scrub-oak thickets, interspersed with rocks and fallen timber, with here and there a slight opening, through which the cattle feeding during the summer had trodden paths which served the hunter as a guide and passage when following the game along the mountain range in winter. It was, indeed, a gloomy road, with nothing to break the monotony, save, perhaps, occasionally the cawing of a crow as she hovered overhead, or the sudden bound of a deer aroused from his lair by the noise of approaching footsteps—and the lonely traveller, as he wended his way slowly up the steep ascent, now urging his jaded steed to greater effort, and now relieving it by leaping from the saddle and walking by its side, would long to gain the summit, where he might proceed more speedily and with more comfort to himself and his animal.

On ascending the mountain from the west, one sees now on the south side of the turnpike a patch of cultivated ground, embracing several acres, which has been cleared for a number of years, but was a dense forest at the time to which our story has reference. It was here, immediately opposite the cleared field, that Lewis performed one of his most daring exploits, and which led to his arrest and subsequently cost him his life.

It appeared from what transpired afterwards, that Lewis had received intelligence from some of his gang, of an individual carrying a large sum of money going eastward on horseback, and that Lewis and two of his associates were on the look-out for him, ready to make an attempt at securing the rich prize whenever it should come within reach. From some cause or other, however, that individual's departure was delayed; but about the time designated by Lewis' spy, a Mr. McClelland, a merchant in Pittsburg, started for Philadelphia to purchase goods, travelling on horseback and having in his saddlebags some two thousand dollars in silver. He had got to Nycum's on Saturday evening, where he remained until Sunday morning, and then early prosecuted his journey, thinking to breakfast at Reamer's. As he was walking his horse up the mountain and when he had proceeded several miles, he espied, some distance ahead, a man, who wore a sloped hat and an ill-fitting, somewhat tattered coat, walking rather awkwardly, his body inclined forward, now shooting diagonally across the road, and then, taking up and balancing himself, moving on again in a straight line.

As McClelland neared him, the man once or twice looked around, exhibiting a pair of blackened eyes, as if he had been recently engaged in a fight; and McClelland inferred from his whole conduct and appearance that he had been in company drinking and got himself handsomely pummeled, without having been sobered by the operation. As they approached the summit, McClelland gained upon the fellow, until at the point which we have been endeavoring to describe he was about passing him; but at that moment, and before he suspected any danger, he found himself dragged from his horse, the drunken man, as he had taken him to be, having sprang upon him at a single bound, while in the same instant a man with a cocked pistol jumped up from either side of the road, the one seizing the horse's bridle and the other coming to the assistance of their leader, who was no other than Lewis himself and who had assumed this disguise to prevent suspicion. The two men who had been lying in wait were Conner and Connelly—and there can be no doubt but some one of the gang had seen McClelland the day or evening before, and that they had prepared themselves during the night to attack him in the morning. Had he tarried at Nycum's until later in the day and perchance got some company, he would most likely have been permitted to pass unmolested, and the counterfeit drunkard, who, with painted eyes and tattered garments, had been seen staggering along the road would scarcely have been thought of again.

The spot was well chosen by the robbers for the accomplishment of their purpose. On the north side of the road, for a distance of at least a quarter of a mile, the woods were more open here than at any other point on the mountain; and whilst McClelland was hurried off by two of the men among the thickets his horse was galloped at full speed through the open space, so as to be out of sight, should any person chance to come along the road. Having commanded McClelland to observe silence if he did not wish to have his brains blown out, they led him onward for several miles, the other man with the horse bringing up the rear, until they reached the robber's hut, which had been constructed of light logs and covered with bark, where they halted and forthwith entered upon an examination of their booty. After ascertaining the amount, Lewis turned to McClelland and smilingly said he was "not the bird they had been watching for, nevertheless these were pretty rich pickings" and he and his associates were amply compensated thereby for their trouble. Conner and Connelly then proposed they should put McClelland to death alleging as a reason that if he were set at liberty he would inform on them and might cause their arrest; against which Lewis stoutly protested and at the same time handed to McClelland his watch and ten dollars, saying that would carry him back to his family and friends.

This done preparations were made by the robbers to start with the money taken from McClelland to some place where they would deposit it for greater security, and he was told that if he offered to move from the spot before their return, his life should pay the forfeit of his temerity. That they intended to return has always been doubted, and it has been judged, and with very good reason, that their object was to induce him to remain there during part of the day, whereby they would have gained ample time to get out of harm's way before he could give the alarm and start anybody in pursuit. In order to make sure work, however, they produced a pint flask filled with whiskey and ordered him to drink freely, thinking no doubt that by so doing he, a man unaccustomed to strong drink, would soon fall asleep and might not awake for many hours. McClelland thought the liquor contained some deadly poison and the robbers were taking this method to get rid of him; and knowing he was in

their power and that if his death had been resolved on all his pleading for life would be unavailing, he concluded to die with as little pain as possible, and therefore, to their great surprise, drank the entire contents of the flask. Fortunately, however, the liquor was not poisoned; but the robbers thinking their prisoner had taken enough to answer all their purposes, now left, after ordering him to lie down in a corner of the cabin.

McClelland was now alone. The incidents of the morning clustered around his mind, and his distress was indescribable. Within the space of a few hours all his earthly hopes had been blasted. He was not only beggared, but in all likelihood doomed to die, perhaps in a few moments, away from his friends and kindred, where his body might become food for vultures and wild beasts and his requiem should be the winds as they passed howling over his bleaching bones! He pictured to himself the distress of his family consequent upon his sudden and mysterious disappearance, and their fruitless conjectures in regard to his fate, and then ran with his mind's eye over the pages of their future history, lamenting their desolate and forlorn condition as they should be drifting without an earthly protector on life's wide ocean, tossed by the waves and exposed to the tempest. But he felt admonished to dismiss these reflections and turn to others. Every moment he expected to feel a deadly stab coming over him, and ever and anon he cast his eyes upon surrounding objects to assure himself that all was not a dream and that he was still in possession of his reason. Such was the intensity of his feelings that it counteracted the effects of the spirits which he had swallowed, and impelled by that love of life which clings unto man to his last moments, he ventured to ascend to the roof of the shanty and then cast inquiring looks far into the forest, anxious to ascertain whether the robbers had actually taken their departure or whether they were still loitering about, awaiting his death. In a slight opening in the woods at the distance of half a mile he at length espied them, pressing on with all possible speed, and in a moment his resolution was taken to attempt his escape. Mounting his horse he entered a ravine near by, which he judged must lead him in the direction of Reamer's and then urging the animal forward as fast as the nature of the country permitted, he kept in the ravine, leaping over rocks and fallen trees, and in an incredibly short time reached the point he was aiming for, where he gave the alarm and urged immediate pursuit.

We may here remark that among those backwoods men who employ most of their time in hunting and fishing, Sunday is not generally revered as it should be, and it will therefore cause no surprise to learn that when McClelland arrived at the tavern just mentioned he found there some half a dozen or more of rugged mountaineers, who had called in for their "bitners" preparatory to starting into the woods in quest of game. No sooner were they made acquainted with the robbery that had been committed than they volunteered to go in search of the robbers, and in a few moments had all things in readiness and set out, resolved to do their best.

The hunters had a general knowledge of the topography of the mountains, directed their steps toward a point some distance beyond that designated by McClelland as the one where he had last seen the robbers; having reached which, they divided into two parties and moved some distance apart, and in this order had not proceeded very far when they espied the objects of their search, by whom they were seen likewise at the same instant. The robbers tried to escape by running, but before they could get beyond the reach of the hunters Lewis was wounded by a ball, and one of the others killed, whilst the third escaped unharmed. Lewis was secured and carried to Bedford jail, there to await his trial, but afterwards made his escape and was pursued, and whilst roving himself across the West-brook of the Susquehanna in a canoe, was shot dead by one of his pursuers.

While in prison, Lewis stated that he had concealed a large sum of money under a rock—the specie in a vessel and the bank bills in a bottle—near a small stream on the west of the Allegheny mountain; and after his death diligent search was made for the treasure, by different persons and at different places but it is not known that it has ever been found, and the probability is that it had been removed by some of Lewis' associates.

Had Lewis' mind been directed into the right channel and subjected to a proper course of training, he might have lived an honor to his day and his family and been useful in his day and generation; but having a penchant for the romantic and lawless, where he could indulge his passions without restraint, he became alienated from society, an outcast and a by-word, and in his death we have but another proof of the truthfulness of the proverb that "the way of the transgressor is hard."

An official return of the Spanish debt has just been published in Madrid. The total amount of indebtedness is 13,580,466,110 reals. Among the items is one of "inscriptions in favor of the United States, 12,000,000 reals."

Society without children would be like the earth without flowers, the sky without stars, the heaven without angels.

THE LIFE OF A SHOWMAN.

From the N. Y. Sunday Leader, March 16.
P. T. Barnum, who a few months ago was reputed to be worth half a million of dollars, now comes before the Supreme Court, brought there by some of his creditors, to explain all about his property. He states that he now lives in this city, that the Museum, once his, and all its curiosities, have been sold for \$24,000; that he paid \$12,000 for it fourteen years ago, and that now he has not the least interest in it. He says that last June he was worth \$500,000. His property he valued at \$800,000, and he owed \$300,000. About this period the Jeromes came along and wished him to endorse their notes for \$100,000. Barnum did it, and repeated his endorsement on similar paper, as he supposed, to take up the former.

Finally he ascertained that he had endorsed to the amount of \$464,000, and so far as he knows, there may be a million of dollars of this paper out, as he often signed in blank for the Jeromes to put in what amount they chose. Still Barnum don't consider that he has failed, as he says his refusal to pay these "clock debts" of the Jeromes don't exactly constitute a failure. He alleges that the holders of these obligations of his were the very persons who induced him to become responsible for the Jeromes.

The splendid paintings at Barnum's house at Iranistan, he says he sold for \$2,000, tho' they cost him \$10,000. His present assets are Crystal Palace stock, which is not worth half as much as the skin of the celebrated woolly horse once in his possession.

Now, whoever has read Barnum's biography written by himself, will consider it very strange that he did not follow his own advice. Who that knows Barnum could believe that he would endorse the notes of a clock company to the extent of nearly every dollar he was worth in the world, according to his own estimate of the value of his property in June last. He says he owned property which he valued at \$800,000, and it was mortgaged for about \$300,000, which left him about \$500,000. At this very time he endorsed notes for near half a million of dollars, without even carefully scrutinizing the responsibility of those whose paper he put his name to. He even mortgaged his property to raise \$80,000 for the Jeromes in December last. There may be a woolly horse in all this reputed failure of Barnum after all. The Jeromes did not get this \$80,000. Barnum says he raised it in bonds on several States, counties and towns, but a friend of his just at this time had looked into the affairs of the Jeromes, and told Barnum that they were bankrupt, and he was ruined. Barnum then sold these bonds, at a loss of \$30,000, and took the money, he says, to pay his own debts.

There cannot be much sympathy for Barnum. Whoever has read his biography, from his own pen, must be satisfied that his moral principles were never strongly developed. His book, which he managed to sell in various countries of the globe, has disgraced the American name. It is nothing but a history of the art of getting money under false pretences; and the author, in a moral point of view, is no better than thousands who have suffered the penalties of the laws for such practices. The world is always better off without such geniuses as Barnum. No one pretends that he ever possessed talent in any honorable and dignified employment. He is a mere cunning showman, who would seize upon other men's ideas and apply them to the art of money-making without proper remuneration even in a business point of view.

"Show me how you live, and where you live, and where you get your means to live?" This was one of the questions put to Barnum during his examination; and he replied to it by saying that he lived in this city, in Eighth street, and kept boarders, and had no other means of support, except some meat given to him by his son-in-law, in Connecticut, and some vegetables which grew on his farm last year. He said he had a gold watch and a breast pin, worth some four or five hundred dollars, which he would produce, if required to do so. He also casually remarked that he had two suits of clothes and about twenty-five dollars in money.

A MAN OF BONES.—Here is a curious fact for you. The flesh of a living man once grew into bone. It seems hard to believe, but I suppose it was so; for in the museum at Dublin, Ireland, there is, or was, the skeleton of one Clark, a native of the city of Cork, whom they call the Ossified Man, one of the greatest curiosities of nature. It is the carcass of a man entirely ossified in his lifetime, living in that condition for several years. Those who knew him before this surprising alteration, affirm that he had been a man of great strength and agility. He felt the first symptoms of this surprising change some time after a debauch; by slow degrees, every part grew into a bony substance, except his skin, eyes and intestines; his joints settled in such a manner that no ligament had its proper operation; he could not lie down or rise up without assistance. He had at last no bend in his body, yet when he was placed upright, like a statue of stone, he could stand, but could not move in the least. His teeth were joined, and formed into one entire bone; therefore a hole was broken through them to convey liquid substance for his nourishment. The tongue lost its use, and his sight left him, some time before he expired.

CLOSING SCENE OF A LEGISLATURE.—The Legislature of Nebraska Territory adjourned on the 25th February, after repealing a law giving women the right to vote, which they had passed the day before. A letter from Omaha City gives the following account of their adjournment:

"One member called for music, another for 'drinks all round,' some shouted 'go it boots,' 'go it,' 'such is death,' 'let me go to the Governor and tell him he must not fool with us any longer;' 'I move a committee be appointed to inquire after the dignity of the House;' 'I move the gentleman from Otoe be declared a brick;' 'Mr. Speaker, will a game of poker be in order?' 'I move we take a recess for fifteen minutes to drink;' 'I move the medical members be requested to take the pains (panes) from the windows, and extract the Tooth of Time,' &c. One member set the clock going at railroad speed to bring the hour of adjournment around. Members were mixed up with outsiders inside the bar, some talking, some smoking, some walking, some perched on the tops of the desks and chairs, and everybody enjoying himself about as nature dictated.—The House had more the appearance of a public bar room than a hall of legislation. Members were called on for speeches.

About midnight the Council sent in word they were ready to adjourn. Resolutions commending the clerks and officers of the House, down to fireman, were passed; but not a word was passed for the Speaker, whom a few members took occasion to abuse in bitter and unbecoming language. In the midst of confusion, worse confounded, the House adjourned.

WELL SAID.—The Indian in his native condition, is no fool, as the following anecdote related by a Washington correspondent of the Baltimore "Republican" attests:—

We met Col. Stambour to-day in the rotunda of the Capitol, and while we were looking at the carved representations over the door-ways of the rotunda, the veteran Indian agent told us that in 1830, by a delegation of the Menominee Indians, he visited the Capitol, and explained the nature and design of the stone groups in the rotunda, when the chief, "Grizzly Bear," turned to the eastern doorway, over which there is a representation of the landing of the Pilgrims, and said, "there, Ingen give white man corn;" and to the north representing Penn's treaty; "there Ingen give um land;" and to the West, where Pocahontas is seen saving the life of Captain Smith, "there Ingen save um life"—and, lastly, to the south, where the hardy pioneer, Daniel Boone, is seen plunging his knife into the breast of one red man, while his foot is placed on the dead body of another, "and there, white man kill Ingen."

A CONSPIRACY AGAINST MR. BUCHANAN.—A Washington correspondent of the New York Courier says:—"It is understood that General Pierce and Judge Douglas, or their managing friends, will oppose the nomination of Mr. Buchanan, on the ground that he is not unimpeachably committed to the repeal of the Missouri Compromise, and that under the circumstances his election would be a popular rebuke to them. This circumstance will diminish the chances of his nomination, and it is believed here, among the politicians of the classes I have named, that these two prominent aspirants will combine upon a Southern candidate, if neither of them shall be able to secure the nomination. In that event, the question will be found reduced to a choice between Hunter and Rusk. Mr. Wise is a capital, almost irresistible stumper, and were the struggle confined to Virginia, would distance all competition. But he cannot stump for the Presidency, and I predict that his energy will be found no match for the lack of Mr. Hunter."

SOMETHING OF A FAMILY.—A correspondent of the Urbana Citizen writes from Bourbon county, Ky., about a family as follows:—"The old gentleman is a native of Maryland, and is now in his 70th year; was brought to the State of Ky., when quite young, and has raised his family in the above county, consisting of six sons and three daughters."

He then proceeded to describe the family, all of whom are six feet in height, the tallest being six feet 11½ inches, and the lowest (a daughter) six feet 2 inches—the aggregate height of the whole of them, eleven in number, being seventy feet. The father weighs 200 pounds, the mother 285, and the children from 150 to 296 pounds. Their aggregate weight is 2500 pounds. The writer adds:—"The family are all living except the youngest daughter, are all wealthy, and of the first families of Kentucky. I must add, that several of the grand-children are over six and a half feet, and still growing."

A SLEIGHING PARTY.—Washington's birthday—22d February—was celebrated by the inhabitants of Madison and Clinton counties, Connecticut, by the getting up of an old-fashioned sleighing party. Three hundred and fifty-three sleighs were in the procession, containing fifteen hundred passengers. Trades and professions of different kinds were represented, and flags were displayed at different points along the route. Preceding the procession was a full-rigged steamer in complete working order, blowing off steam as she went along. At sundown, a National salute of 18 guns announced the close of the festivities.

HOW MINERAL COAL WAS MADE.

Geology has proved that at one period there existed an enormously abundant land vegetation, the ruins or rubbish of which, carried into seas, and there sunk to the bottom, and afterwards covered over by sand and mud-beds, became the substance we recognize as coal.—

It may naturally excite surprise that the vegetable remains should have so completely changed their apparent character, and become black. But this can be explained by chemistry; and part of the marvel becomes clear to the simple understanding, when we recall the familiar fact, that damp hay, thrown closely into a heap, gives out heat, and becomes of a dark color. When a vegetable mass is excluded from the air, and subjected to great pressure, a bituminous fermentation is produced, and the result is the mineral coal, which is of various characters, according as the mass has been originally intermingled with sand, clay, and other earthy impurities. On account of the change effected by mineralization, it is difficult to detect in coal the traces of a vegetable structure; but these can be made clear in all except the highly bituminous coking coal, by cutting or polishing it down into thin transparent slices, when the microscope shows the fibre and cells very plainly. From distinct, isolated specimens, found in the sand stones amidst the coal beds, we discover the plants of this era.—

They are almost all of simple, cellular structure, and such as exist with us in small forms, (horse tails, club mosses, and ferns,) but advanced to an enormous magnitude. The species are long since extinct. The vegetation is such as grows in clusters of tropical islands, but it must have been the result of a high temperature obtained otherwise than that of the tropical regions now is, for the coal strata are found in the temperate, and even the polar regions. The conclusion, therefore, to which most geologists have arrived, is, that the earth, originally an incandescent, or highly heated mass, gradually cooled down, until in the carboniferous period it fostered a growth of terrestrial vegetation all over its surface, to which the existing jungles of the tropics are mere barrenness in comparison. The high and uniform temperature, combined with a greater proportion of carbonic acid gas in the atmosphere, could not only sustain a gigantic and prolific vegetation, but would also create dense vapors, showers and rains; and these again gigantic rivers, periodical inundations, and deltas. Thus all the conditions for extensive deposits of wood in estuaries, would arise from this high temperature; and every circumstance connected with the coal measures points to such conditions.

POTATOES.—BUTT ENDS VS. SEED ENDS.—John Brown, of Long Island, communicates the following to the Granite Farmer.

"Several years ago I made some experiments to satisfy myself concerning the disputed point as to which is the best portion of a potato to plant in order to obtain the largest and best yield. The exact result has been lost, and as I have often since heard and read assertions directly contrary to the conclusions which I then deduced, I resolved to repeat the experiments. Last spring I planted four rows of equal length, side by side, with two varieties of potatoes. In one row I planted none but the seed ends, so called, including about one-third of the potatoes, and in the next row I planted the butt end of the same potatoes. I had one row of seed ends and one row of butt ends of a variety called Peach Blows. The yield of these four rows was as follows:—Pink eyes, butt ends, 217 pounds; seed ends, 179 pounds;—Peach Blows, butt ends, 229 pounds; seed ends, 179 pounds.—The potatoes raised from the butt ends were much larger than those from the seed ends, and appeared to be from a week to ten days earlier. This result corresponds with that of my former experiment. Had the whole field been planted with butt ends the yield would have been more than 500 bushels to the acre. I also planted two rows next to the above, in one of which I put only large potatoes, half a tuber in each hill, cut length-wise so as to divide the eyes equally, and in the other row I dropped only small potatoes, one in each hill. From the former 1 dug 181 pounds, and from the latter 134 pounds. I should add that the average yield of the field was about 180 pounds to the row; and that large (not the very largest) potatoes were used for seed cut length-wise with a half of a tuber in each hill."

A SAILOR was called upon the stand as a witness.

"Well, sir," said the lawyer, "do you know the plaintiff and defendant?"

"I don't know the drift of them words," answered the sailor.

"What, not know the meaning of plaintiff and defendant?" continued the lawyer; "a pretty fellow you are to come here as a witness.—Can you tell me where on board the ship it was that this man struck the other one?"

"Aaft the binacle," said the sailor.

"Aaft the binacle! what do you mean by that?" asked the lawyer.

"A pretty fellow you," responded the sailor, "to come here as a lawyer, and don't know what aaft the binacle means."

A WAG says he knows only one thing better than love, and that is to be thrown into a pond of mush and milk, with the privilege of eating your way ashore.